

The INNIS HERALD

INNIS COLLEGE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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2 SUSSEX AVE., TORONTO ONTARIO CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1965

Bill Drury has been suspended for three years. He is one of the few people at Innis interested in the work of the "later Harold Innis". Bill is now working in the pub.

Sol Spring is back in town from "Van". He might pick up some courses here in January.

Richard Stanforth spent 4 weeks in Guyana this summer and returned August 6. He was studying conflicting ideologies of co-operativism and state socialism with "The World University Services of Canada".

David Lozowsky has applied for a "part-time" job as a supplier for a sperm-bank at Coxwell and Cosburn. His doctor's name is Kroch.

Wendy Pickell's brother Steve, part-time silver medal winner in swimming at the Olympics, is coming to live here next summer. He is going to U.S.C. this year.

Eli Marcus, Bill Drury, Kirk Costello, Louise Arcand and Karen Boothe have finally got together a house of their own at 14 Sussex. After summer rip-offs at 375 Huron this should bring some peace of mind. Eli is in charge of the renovations, and the kitchen is almost finished.

Elizabeth Nyburg got married to Brad Lennon in 1975 and has moved into a shared house in Cabbagetown where mythology and legumes are discussed at length. Please phone in recipes to 362-6423.

Alumnus Henry See is living on a communal farm outside Ottawa.

Shabir Bhingi is playing a lot of squash and has moved to a Huron Street apartment.

Rory is back at Innis this year. He worked mining silver all summer. Rory worked with miners so Rory has a haircut ... got slightly intimidated by a pair of sheep shears "a few of the guys" brought to work one day. Receiving the message, he arrived the next morning with an extensive trim.

One of C.T.'s favourite tv programs is the "Avengers"

Tom Kilp, working on his doctorate, is now a familiar face at the Innis pub. The Graduate Students Union closed for a month this summer and many regular G.S.U. people including Tom, Douglas Charles, Gary Krebs, Bruce Goodbrand, Steven Ing, John Lennon and others have since got into the habit of closing the Innis.

Tom Brocki, an American, registered here in September to vote in the American election. He votes in New Jersey by way of a mailed ballot.

Gary Murphy, guitarist, is at Innis again this year. Gary would be into a rendezvous with low rent plus fear and loathing in Toronto's West End except that his house is full of musicians. Gary plays singles around town.

Ann Brebner has money problems like a lot of us this year and can only afford the time for one course.

"Flip" was extremely fast the second week in September.

David Cass an Innisite at heart, is going to University College this year.

Al Park is studying drama and doesn't come around much anymore.

Ticky is at Innis for her first year. Her sister, from Finland, visited here for a couple of weeks.

Ben Volman (on the pins, "The One Armed Man") is back for his third year and is living at home about 46 minutes away. He is looking for members for a Messianic Jewish Assoc. here at the U. of T.

Robin Holmes is president of the Student Council this year at Innis.

Fuzz has put carpeting in the basement.

Wendy Pickell is the Innis bartender. The jar on the right is for tips.

The delicious Italian food that appears at the Pub is usually made by Ida Romano. Her lasagna is the very best there is.

Brian Nasemok went to California this summer to work on a film and is now back.

Kate Bishop is working in the pub afternoons, part time, and has moved into Tattle Creek at 429 Brunswick.

Please obey the "No Smoking" signs in the no smoking area of the Pub.

Michael Edwards lost his library card Sept. 27. He only has 2 left.

George Cook is the Social Convener for Innis College this year.

Mike Walker is teaching at Bumathorpe Secondary.

Wendy Balderson is the rep. for the Innis Farm in Delhi.

Bill Glen is the Services Communications Assistant at the S.A.C. office. He just moved to Albany.

Dizzy has moved out of 180 St. George, his fifth residence since September.

Splattered with white paint, a bag on his head, wearing a lab coat, Bill Drury was really Harpo Marx as he painted his ceiling Sept. 27.

Karen's sister, D'Arcy has joined Innis College and is in Forestry.

Louise Arcand left for Europe in June and returned September. The KCR had been the scene of a loud but fine farewell party.

Bill Saywell has a class — "Modern China in Revolution" Mon. and Wed. JMC 300Y.

Dizzy has brought his sister to the university — she's in pharmacy.

Jenny Moore hosted a party near the end of August. She has an elder type pin-ball machine in her home that seems to give out the entire sound, feeling and colour of the 40's.

Be advised that Yuk-Yuk's may move to the Innis Pub Friday nights.

From Ticky Piironen and Kim Breland ... What Innis did at Octoberfest Superstars: Team of approx. 25 people, caused total shock to 9 original team members (who came second in the last superstar competition) and the other teams.

Innis was the only college that entered two teams.

We won the tricycle race, thanks to Anne Mader and Mark Weisdorf.

We also won at tug of war thanks also to other team members. "They also serve who only stand and yell 'heave!'"

Total destruction of Innis tradition — We won something! (We've won two things or at least done well!) (ALREADY!!) (THIS YEAR!!!)

Prizes were: 1 trophy for the college (where is it?) 1-4 beer mugs and the odd belt buckle presented by our beloved alma mater, Labatt's.

Thanks to George our great coach and support.

Casualties: Jeff's lip, Pim's glasses and Ann's shoe.

One anonymous photographer from the Globe and Mail fell in love with Ann Mader (see Sat., Oct. 2nd Globe for picture.)

Innis has a new mascot (pay your respects in I.C.S.S.)

We also have a new cheer: GUM-BY, GUM-BY!

Events were fun but very tiring — but the team quenched its thirst at the beer tent and proved itself proficient in other areas! (First prize in the rowdy contest, polka division.)

P.S. Carl, could we possibly get a picture of the team?

String Band appeared in the Town Hall just before school started.

What Zoid says is true, "You always get your money's worth watching 'Wiz' at the pins."

There is grass on the Green this year.

Laurie Jones went to St. Pierre and Miquelon this summer for seven weeks and learned a lot of French. It was the best summer weatherwise for St. Pierre in 40 years, according to natives. Cigarettes are 29 cents a pack in St. Pierre and booze is cheaper than pot. Cigarette tobacco cannot be bought however, so they went to Newfoundland to buy some but it got wet on the way back and couldn't be smoked. Laurie met Marureen Riley there and is now living with her this year. Laurie also has a new pair of glasses.

Behmin Rezendes, lady maintenance person at Innis gave birth to twins Feb. 10, 1976 — Ricky and Gabrielle. She has two other children, Natalie, 13 and Helen 7.

Some of the things discussed at the first community affairs meeting in September: The college will remain open until 10:30.

A flea market is to be arranged once a month by John, Patsy and Wendy.

A folk series seems possible in January.

A sound system is to be purchased, as well as sound-proofing materials but there may be a problem with the physical plant which will have to be discussed with them.

A committee has been created to check the books. Cooper-Balderson have been appointed auditors. Committee's, and choice of committee's of council.

There will be a photo contest for a new college brochure.

There is now a possibility of a regu-lar folk nite in the pub.

Wendy B. bought a new pair of clogs at a store near Yonge and Dundas. New shoes tend to speed Wendy up a little. Clomp-Clomp! She says they just make her feel good.

The food at The Innis Pub is unquestionably the best on campus.

John, one of the evening maintenance men at Innis went into hospital for an operation early in Oct.

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An extremely interesting and "high-powered" 8 week program of lectures is to begin at Innis Town Hall Fri. Oct. 15. "Lunch and Learn" is sold out except for a limited number of tickets available to Innisites

THOROUGHLY DISREPUTABLE.

ULTRA-DECADENT
HALLOWE'EN PARTY

At the Innis College Pub on October 30. The act starts at 8:30. Style? Costume is a must (College Policy). All Innis students and their guest are FREEFREEFREE, and the Administration is included in the invitation — aren't we decent? Great music, wild dancing, good time, lotsa larks. Come out and meet your fellow students.

So come on baby,
grease your lips
Put on your hat,
and shake your hips
And guys, don't forget
to bring your whips
Cause yer all invited
to a freeker's ball!

This party is subject to the Official Secrets Act. Tell no one of it except Innis Students, Staff and Community. ALSO: Friday, October 22. The Innis Pub Nite. ... Remember folks, no drinking is allowed on the Green.

Eli worked part time as a maintenance man this year for the college during the summer and also played a few clubs with Gary.

Election results: Council — TRISH SMALL, JAY LAMPERT, MARK WEISDORF, KAREN BOOTH, JEFF BOYCE, PUMKIN SPARSHOTT, GUY LUM, RUBY CAMPBELL, JOH FORDE, GARY BAIN. Communications Commissioner: GARY MURPHY. SAC Rep: JOHN PETROSONIAK.

The problem of the fine-ups at lunch time was raised but the only solution would be bad food for quicker service. So come earlier.

Another community affairs meeting was held Oct. 6 ... Films will be shown once a month in the Town Hall on Sundays.

A familiar face in the pub these evenings is Paul Kant a cartoonist and writer for the mag. "BEAVER BITES". You might speak to him if you are interested in writing satire or drawing cartoons. Wendy can point him out for you.

.....THE INNIS MOSAIC

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CARAVAN PRESENTS A WIDE SELECTION OF HANDICRAFTS RICH IN BEAUTIFUL IN DESIGN. ALL CARAVAN PRODUCTS ARE HAND CRAFTED ORIGINALS MADE BY CO-OPERATIVES AND SELF-HELP ORGANIZATIONS AROUND THE WORLD.

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CARAVAN HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU AS WELL AS BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY.

WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU.

NOV. 15-19, East Lounge of Sidney Smith. This sale has no "middle-man" and profits go directly to those who did the work.

CELEBRATE "LYNN DAY"

The title of this article is not just a catch phrase. There is in fact a verifiable date in the Innis College Calendar of Events, known as "Lynn Day".

For some obscure reason, the celebration of that auspicious date was delayed until August 26th of this year when the staff and students of Innis fêted Lynn and her family in honour of the forthcoming addition of a new member to their numbers.

If you are confused by this, simple: Lynn Day, a loved and loving member of the Innis Community, left us at the end of the summer in order to take on a new job with lots more overtime — mother.

The party took place both in the Innis Pub and out on the Green where John McHugh and his staff barbequed and Bill Saywell and his staff boozed.

The speeches were sweet but not short from Bill Saywell, the Principal of Innis College, Art Wood, Vice-Principal and Lynn's former boss, and Robin Holmes, the emotional (particularly when juiced) President of the I.C.S.S.

Lynn had a great time at the party until after the opening of the presents when somebody suggested that she too make a speech. Hers was not only sweet, but short, as she thanked the Innis staff for their lovely parting gift of a silver serving dish and gratefully remembered the students for their gifts of two silver wine goblets, a bottle of Dom Perignon champagne, and a personalized T-shirt.

Lynn Day will be remembered by all who knew her and worked with her as competent, willing, generous and, above all, caring.

Congratulations Innis people, for giving a terrific person a fond send-off. And congratulations Lynn. Good luck to you in your new vocation!
Robin Holmes.

IMPORTANT! INNIS STUDENTS!

Creative Writing

The Writing Lab and the College have over the years made Innis a centre for creative writing activities. The Writing Lab sponsors a writers' workshop in which U of T students who write and writers from the community at large have read and commented on each other's work. WRIT magazine, which is published with the aid of SAC, the Ontario Arts Council, and (occasionally) the College and its Student Society, follows a similar open policy and considers submissions in English from anywhere in the world.

No doubt these open policies and the standards which must be set in pursuing them can make it hard for students' work to gain acceptance, but on the other hand the student comes into contact with a wider world than that of the College, and is encouraged to see his or her own work critically in that larger context. Any Innis students who would like to get comment on their work but are not in the workshop can make appointments to see me at the Writing Lab (978-4871); I'm there on Wednesdays and Fridays from 1-5. I'd like to remind you, too, that John Newlove, who is writer in residence at the U of T this year, is available at Massey College (978-5371, Mon-Fri 10-3). If you'd like to submit a manuscript to WRIT, you can mail it to WRIT magazine at the College address or leave it in my mailbox on the first floor (the mail room is across from the Principal's office). All manuscripts must be typed. Keep a copy, and enclose your phone number and a stamped, self-addressed envelope in which the ms can be returned. Don't forget that there are other magazines on campus and at Erindale and Scarborough whose editors are also looking for mss. Some of these magazines can be obtained free at the SAC office. The Periodicals Room on the fourth floor of the Roberts Library is a good place to browse; the main branch of the Public Library at St. George and College also has a collection of magazines on open shelves.

Roger Greenwald

Have you found the Writing Lab yet? It is on the third floor of Innis College on the St. George side, Room 314. There you will find a pleasant room, some books on style and research, and an assortment of dictionaries, but most important you will find a Writing Lab tutor from 9 to 5 every day.

The tutor can help you with your academic writing in a variety of ways. We won't write but will offer constructive criticism of your approach to the material.

No one will ever "send" you to the Writing Lab. Attendance is entirely voluntary, and has nothing to do with evaluation or course credits. You may bring in any writing required in your courses; essays, book reports, seminars, presentations, and so on. We do not give a course on the comma, nor do we view our work as remedial. Rather, we work with you on an individual basis as an editor would if you were submitting a manuscript to a magazine. We will help you revise your work so that it is a better piece of writing.

Drop in to the Writing Lab or phone for an appointment. (978-4871). Appointments are half an hour to forty minutes in length, and you may come as often as your time, and ours, permits.

Evelyn Cotter

THE INNIS LIBRARY

Hours: 9-9 Monday through Thursday
9-6 Fridays

Books (excluding Reference books) are allowed to circulate for two weeks. Also a few short-term loans for course readings are kept at the desk.

INNIS READING ROOM

Extensive sections on specific areas are found in the reading room e.g. Film books and Science Fiction. We will also be setting up Urban studies and environmental studies areas in the near future.

Harold Innis Study (Room No. 310)

The Innis study on the 3rd floor is available for your use. Harold Innis' personal book collection is also kept here along with copies of books written by him.

Jane Simpson, Librarian

MARSHALL McLUHAN

The September 20 edition of "People" magazine includes an article about Marshall McLuhan. On page 91 of "People", beneath a photograph of Dr. McLuhan, runs an ad for "Superscope" with a headline that reads, "SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE ESCARGOT AND THE ESPRESSO I GOT A BURNING DESIRE TO GO BACK TO MY PLACE. ALONE." The copy goes on to say, "I should have stayed at home ... Being alone with a Superscope stereo may not be the pièce de résistance, but it sure beats being alone with the wrong dish." What this interview in part dishes up is some conscious understanding of how such headline end copy can be issued, with effect, to us North Americans.

The interview was conducted on August 20, 1976. In preparing, I was given the advantage of research material and good advice provided by George Thompson of The Centre for Culture and Technology. I was further assisted by being able to read an article's yet then unpublished, "The Space-Out American" by Marshall McLuhan — The Annenberg "Journal of Communications" — Autumn '76. I feel also obliged to thank the University of Toronto Archivist, David Rudkin and his assistant Mel Sterkmen for their energies in returning permission to publish the Innis letter.

And so, this is also an introduction to Harold Innis, by way of Marshall McLuhan. Dr. McLuhan has been quoted as saying, "I discover new worlds everywhere I look." If you put your tongue firmly in cheek, it's a compliment to Harold Innis, the reconfirmation in this interview that Innis discovered the world of McLuhan before Marshall McLuhan discovered that of Harold Innis. And these worlds were not in conflict, as you will read.



Carl Scharle: Regarding an interrupted conversation ... you recently celebrated your wedding anniversary. You married in St. Louis in 1939 and of the technologies involved in the then set sail for Italy. A war was far trade. And he was studying effects to begin! Did you stay long? Effects at all time.

Marshall McLuhan: We stayed the first year of the war. We left actually the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania conducted began. We were there throughout an investigation among the Eskimo the entire Sitskrieg, the year that nothing happened.

Carl Scharle: Quite a honeymoon.

Marshall McLuhan: Well it was quite a year. We were very fortunate in every way.

Carl Scharle: When did you first meet Harold Innis?

Marshall McLuhan: I saw him only but he knew in advance what he was already ill, I think it would find. '51 because The Mechanical Bride, my book, came out that year ... and he had put it on his graduate reading list, and I heard about this, and it intrigued me, and I wondered hemisphere, eh?

what sort of a man would do that.

And I at once got something of his to read before going around to meet him. It was of course "The Bias of Communications", and I was amazed! I realized that what he was saying and what I was saying were very similar. I'd never any inkling you see that such a person was on the campus. So, having got quite fascinated by his own writing I went around to see him. We have a very interesting chat naturally and I talked about the possibility of starting a little magazine that would promote various enterprises and I proposed to call this thing "Network". He was quite interested in this. As a matter of fact there's a long letter that I sent to him on the subject which is over there at Innis. They had it out on display in that recent exhibit of letters and so on to Harold Innis. But that was how we began to converse. And unfortunately as he got more ill with that cancer, why all communication between him and his friends was suspended.

Carl Scharle: So that's what you mean when you say in the foreword to "The Bias of Communication", "Flattered by the attention he had directed to some work of mine I turned for the first time to his work."?

Marshall McLuhan: Yes. Putting "Mechanical Bride" on his reading list.

Carl Scharle: Was Harold Innis aware he was discovering effects of technology, effects of human made artifacts?

Marshall McLuhan: Man-made artifacts? I don't know whether he put it to himself in those phrases but obviously he was studying things that were entirely man-made. And this applied incidentally to the cod fisheries, the railways, the pulp and paper and to the fur trade. The whole fur trade enterprise was a technological enterprise. And he was studying the effects of staples. He began to study staples as they affected the economy, and as they affected the economic life of man, you see. So, I think the bridge for him, from the study of staples to the study of media, was a very simple one. In the cod fisheries he studies the nature of the boats that were used. He studies the technology involved. And in the fur trade he studies all of the aspects of the technologies involved in the then set sail for Italy. A war was far trade. And he was studying effects to begin! Did you stay long? Effects at all time.

Carl Scharle: Solomon H. Katz of the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania conducted began. We were there throughout an investigation among the Eskimo the entire Sitskrieg, the year that nothing happened.

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Carl Scharle: Yes.

Marshall McLuhan: Because only literate people use the left hemisphere, so its as simple as that. You can tell that if you are dealing with third world people, that they don't use the left hemisphere, that's all.

Carl Scharle: Well from the findings of this and other extensive research it would seem that Harold Innis was a right-brained man in a left-brained world.

Marshall McLuhan: Mmm... Oh, I wouldn't say he was a right-brained man. He chose to study the right hemisphere because he was studying the effects of technology. If Aristotle had studied the effects of writing on his philosophy, he would have been a Harold Innis! Ahead of his time. But he didn't.

It wasn't until the electric age, the electronic age, that it became possible to study effects because, the electronic age pushes the right hemisphere up into dominance. As long as the left hemisphere is dominant which happens with literacy, there is not going to be any study of effects.

Carl Scharle: Well the Greeks were concerned with nature only?

Marshall McLuhan: Just nature. What they thought was nature. Actually they invented nature. Nature is an invention of the Greeks. It consists in classifying data, and when they have classified a lot of data they call it nature. But this is a study that I am doing with Bob Logan on the effects of the alphabet on Greek Science.

Carl Scharle: Yes, you are doing two books with Prof. Logan.

Marshall McLuhan: Well two small books, one on the future of libraries and one on the effects of alphabetic technology on Greek Science.

Carl Scharle: You have always said that technology is language. Might it be safe to assume that understanding the effects of technology, and human ideas and artifacts, well you have just said it ... this is a right hemisphere activity. But the understanding of the effects ...?

Marshall McLuhan: Well it is easier to put it this way to say that the right hemisphere is concerned with the ground. The situation in which things happen. And the left hemisphere is concerned with the figure, or the input, or the program. And so the Judy La Marsh commission, typically, studied only the programs. It never studied the ground in which they took place, never studied the medium of television. Studied only the left hemisphere bit, the programs, the content. Well Innis didn't stop there. He proceeded to study not only the input but the side effects and that is what Plato and Aristotle and the Ancients never did. Strange ... but they just ignored all side effects of their own activities.

Carl Scharle: That is an extremely interesting insight.

Marshall McLuhan: Oh I was going to say that Harold Innis is one of the great innovators of all time in that regard. He is the only person even now, apart from myself, a follower of Harold Innis, the only person who ever studied side effects or effects of technology. And another follower of

Harold Innis is Eric Havelock who worked with Harold Innis for seven or eight years on this campus and who then began to study, under Harold Innis's encouragement, the effects of the alphabet on Plato and on Greek poetry, and it abolished Greek poetry. It wiped it out. Very quickly. Havelock then pursued these effects in his other books on the "Origins of Western Literacy" and the "Prologue to Greek Literacy" and so on studying effects all the way. But strictly without Innis's help, encouragement, there never would have been any Havelock. Havelock was a conventional classical scholar who got pushed over the ordinary limits of classical pedantry by Harold Innis's enthusiasm for exploration. Innis was an explorer. He opened up all sorts of new territories most of which have not been further pushed by his own colleagues. I don't know why it is but Harold Innis's colleagues have not done one thing to follow up the later Innis. They still are working with the earlier Innis, the economic theoretician, about, well you know, the history of the Canadian economy and that sort of thing.

Carl Scharle: Very linear patterned.

Marshall McLuhan: Oh yes, they want to stay within the establishment, that's all. Innis strangely enough had no interest in the establishment. Although he was the Dean of the Graduate School he flouted and flouted the establishment.

Carl Scharle: In another figure-ground relationship would the brain itself be figure to the ground of human behaviour?

Marshall McLuhan: Well, the individual, the human individual is a figure in a social ground. Anything is figure in some ground. The planet is a figure in the ground of the heavens. Everything is a figure in some ground. You can't have a figure that it does not have a ground. It might be well to point out that the two hemispheres are strangely and consistently linear on the left, and simultaneous acoustic on the right. The left hemisphere is a visual hemisphere in the sense that space is

visual space, and the right hemisphere is acoustic because it deals with the simultaneous, patterns, overall wholistic field, arrangements, and so, what I call the medium and the message for example, the medium is a figure in the ground of effects as the message. All the side effects are message. And hot and cool the same way. The hot is left hemisphere, it's definite and precise and has boundaries. Whereas the cool is vague and involving and without the sharp boundaries of the left hemisphere which is visual and logical, lineal, connected. There are no connections in the right hemisphere there is only the resonance, the world of resonance.

Carl Scharle: You have said that one of the hidden grounds of corporate awareness in the North American are his attitudes towards inside and outside spaces. What is this hidden ground?

Marshall McLuhan: The hidden ground? Would seem to be the war that we are still conducting with the

outside world. That the man who goes outside to be alone is a man who regards the outside as enemy, and its something that has to be fought and subdued and tamed. So that the habit, the age old habit of taming the wilderness and using all one's resources for that purpose is one of the reasons for going outside to be alone and be a fighter and going inside to be social. So you might say that the Republican party goes outside to be alone and the Democratic party goes inside to be social, the two are complementary. But the strange thing ... Charlie Chaplin, an Englishman, made a whole series of movies in which he went outside as a little tramp, to be alone and he found that nobody would speak to him, in America, when he went outside. And he never went inside an American home in one of his pictures because inside would have upset all his theories of views of America. The American at home is not extrovert, he's friendly, social and not aggressive. Archie Bunker is not an American. He's a limey and the show came from England. Archie is aggressive at home, as Englishmen are. Englishmen go inside to be alone and they go outside to be social. You never see Archie outside socializing.

Carl Scharle: Maybe it never occurred to Chaplin to go inside.

Marshall McLuhan: Apparently it never did. He did a whole series of movies that are incredibly non-American and they are regarded as American documentaries in Europe. Those Chaplin movies are regarded as documentaries of American life.

Carl Scharle: Andy Warhol has said that he would like to open a chain of restaurants where people could eat alone in complete privacy. Would that be the ultimate American restaurant?

Marshall McLuhan: Yes. American's don't like people talking at the movies and they don't like advertisements in the movies. Anything that violates their privacy when they're outside ... they don't like people talking in elevators, in fact nobody would dream of talking in an American elevator unless he was in dire straits. The same way the American goes down to the office in a hostile spirit to be alone and he goes in a motorcar which is his ultimate form of privacy. The only time an American is really private is in his car. That's why he has to have a big car and be the only person in it.

Carl Scharle: This is as you have said, a deep need.

Marshall McLuhan: Well it's a need for privacy a place where you solve your problems, make your decisions, straighten things out.

Carl Scharle: What makes the American car different than the European car?

Marshall McLuhan: Well it's big, it's quiet, European cars are noisy inside, maybe the Rolls Royce isn't but the ordinary European car is very noisy. Like the Volkswagen is terrible! There's no privacy possible in a Volkswagen. The European car you can see through it end to end if you are driving behind, but you can't see into it if you are standing beside it.

Carl Scharfe: Was "Jaws", the movie "Jaws" made to reaffirm American attitudes to the out-of-doors?

Marshall McLuhan: I never saw the movie, but I can imagine that it strongly reinforces the idea of living in a dangerous and hostile world. Another feature of the American going outside to be alone is that it's a very romantic one. The romantic went outside to be alone. Wordsworth has a poem called, "I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud". The idea of the romantic going outside to be alone was to test his inner resources. The man who can take it, who can be alone and dispense with society, outside, is tough. This desire to prove their tremendous inner resources is one of the American needs.

Carl Scharfe: The Lone Ranger may have been outside alone, but was Tonto?

Marshall McLuhan: What about all the American Westerns in general? All the American Westerns take you outside to be alone and to fight. Tonto? He sounds more like a Spanish... rather than an American, doesn't he? A Spaniard, strangely enough you see, the Spaniards who came over here did not adopt the American attitudes to the out-of-doors. And the Indians? Well naturally they have a different attitude from us. I have never studied their attitude to the out-of-doors. I know they have a completely different attitude to space, the surrounding space. Inner space and outer space means something totally different to an Indian.

Carl Scharfe: What about the Southerner?

Marshall McLuhan: He's again someone who needs a bit of study but there are a whole lot of Southern novels, including the great books of Faulkner which permit you to study this syndrome. On the whole the Southerner tends to go outside to be alone. He's a hunter, he's a gun-carrying man and at home he's very social. The southern veranda, the Southern socials are all at home. And there is of course the horse race and sporting events, which is a strange kind of attitude toward the out-of-doors in which you are more or less social. I was just thinking the recent political conventions are a nice example of Americans going outside to be alone, not really to socialize — they're fighting. The convention is conducted as a kind of warfare.

Carl Scharfe: The Quebecker?

Marshall McLuhan: Oh more European, they're much less North American than the Wasp in the space attitude. Although they are not lacking in that out-of-door solitude attitude. They are not lacking in that at all.

Carl Scharfe: What about the mobile home? Is the mobile home an attempt to socialize with the wilderness?

Marshall McLuhan: The mobile home is a very obvious repeat of the covered wagon. Nothing could be more going out to be alone. Only the paradox there is that you are using the American home which is social space as a form of solitude. By the way, Jane Austin, strangely enough, has quite a lot to say in her novels, particularly in a novel called "Sanditon" and a novel called

"Emma" ... She has quite a lot to say about this going outside to be alone as itself a test of inner resources. And she thought of it as a freakish and anti-social activity. Henry James features this in all his novels. The American in Europe he finds as a fish out of water, a person who is going out into society to be alone and who goes to art galleries to be alone, who is a consumer of European culture on a solitary basis. And he regarded the habit of being alone as aristocratic and anti-American. That is, rather, he regarded the solitude of the man who goes outside to be alone as not compatible with democracy and therefore he had a deep conflict in himself about this very matter.

Carl Scharfe: That was certainly an un-American activity to think that.

Marshall McLuhan: Yes Hawthorne and James alike regarded the Thoreau attitude, the Melville attitude, the Whitman attitude to nature, going out to be alone with the universe, as aristocratic and anti-American.

Carl Scharfe: The Toronto police recently have been in favour of single-man cars, is this not a technological bias really?

Marshall McLuhan: No, it is a return to the idea of the lonely hunter. The cop as hunter looking for his victims. On the other hand CB is a fascinating flip in which you use the condition of the car as an intercom system for socializing. The Citizen's Band. You get in your car and then you can talk to anybody socially on a party line. It's a party line.

Carl Scharfe: That is an unusual flip.

Marshall McLuhan: It's a complete flip using the car for social life instead of for solitude.

Carl Scharfe: Well television also brings the outside into the home.

Marshall McLuhan: Well that's another flip and it ended the Viet Nam war. Americans would not tolerate that war in their sitting-room.

Carl Scharfe: A recent American Country and Western hit, an album, pictures a lady, sitting on a rock, outside by the sea shore. And the album is titled "I Wish I Felt This Way At Home". Does the mistress in North America provide privacy?

Marshall McLuhan: You're getting into too many territories simultaneously. But the gal who wants to feel alone by the sea shore at home is certainly trying to undermine the American way of life. But the mistress is a peculiar institution in Europe that does not exist in America. Because in Europe a mistress is a social being. Is recognized by the family of the man who keeps her as part of their own social life. Whereas in America, the only possibility for a man with a mistress is to get a divorce, because the mistress cannot be accepted in society. That is, to an American who goes outside to be alone, he cannot have a social life with his mistress ... he can't bring her home, and he can't have a social life, he cannot take his friends around to see her socially because they don't socialize outside the home. So he has to provide a home for the mistress and that means getting married, which means also getting divorced. So divorce American style has totally different meaning from divorce in other countries.

the

(circa 1951)

Carl Scharfe: From some of your own footnotes, "So much Countenance, So Little Face" — Henry James.

Marshall McLuhan: That's Henry James. Well I have a whole essay on that, "The Border Line Case". The American goes outside also to wear not a corporate mask but a private face, and when we go out of doors we also do not put on a public voice, or a group voice, a standard English, we just put on our private voice. We speak with our ordinary private voices when we go outside. Other countries don't do that. All other countries put on a standard form of speech when they go outside. It's

just like putting on a hat or jacket. They put on a special, a corporate speech when they go outside, whereas we don't. It's a huge difference! By the way, it means that we don't have a class structure. If you put on a corporate voice the moment you step outside it means that you put on the speech that belongs to your class. And we don't do that. Therefore we don't have a class system. Class has more to do with voice than it has to do with economics.

Carl Scharfe: "Elderly babies"?

Marshall McLuhan: Now that's the same thing the Henry James thing, that the American with his private face remains a baby-face all his life.

Carl Scharfe: Would it be possible to say anything about Jimmy Carter and the debates to come?

Marshall McLuhan: Well again we can talk about, for a moment or two if you like, about the image of a politician. The old politician had to collect votes, the new politician has to look like the voters and so he has to have charisma. He has to look like all the American boys that ever were. And so, on the other hand, the parties and policies don't matter anymore.

Carl Scharfe: He has to look like his market?

Marshall McLuhan: He has to look like his voters, his electorate. The image now includes the electorate. Instead of his gathering in votes by saying the right things, he gathers his votes by looking right. It has nothing anymore to do with policies or parties. From that point of view Jimmy Carter will have a field day. He looks like the "All American Boy" and he's got all sorts of other All American characteristics.

Carl Scharfe: He's a totem people can live inside eh?

Marshall McLuhan: You see Jerry Ford is a good TV image because he's vague and he's quiet and humble. He's an All American football player but he doesn't look like an All American Boy. Jack Kennedy and Jimmy Carter look like All American Boys. And Nixon? Richard Nixon looked just like Richard Nixon. He didn't look like anybody else. He didn't put on anybody.

Carl Scharfe: Thank you very much.

Marshall McLuhan: Okay. All the best.

Rewrite of Letter for Mimeograph — H.M.M.

St. Michael's College
March 14/51

Dear Innis,

Thanks for the lecture re-print. This makes an opportunity for me to mention my interest in the work you are doing in communication study in general. I think there are lines appearing in *Empire and Communications*, for example, which suggest the possibility of organizing an entire school of studies. Many of the ancient language theories of the Logos type which you cite in *Empire and Communications* for their bearings on government and society have recurred and amalgamated themselves today under the auspices of anthropology and social psychology. Working concepts of "connective consciousness" in advertising agencies have in turn given salience and practical effectiveness to these "magical" notions of language.

But it was most of all the esthetic discoveries of the symbolists since Rimbaud and Mallarmé (developed in English by Joyce, Eliot, Pound, Lewis and Yeats) which have served to recreate in contemporary consciousness an awareness of the potencies of language such as the Western World has not experienced in 1800 years.

Mallarmé saw the modern press as a magical institution born of technology. The discontinuous juxtaposition of unrelated items made necessary by the influx of news stories from every quarter of the world, created, he saw, a symbolic landscape of great power and importance. (He used the word "symbol" in its strict Greek sense *sym-ballein*, to pitch together, physically and musically.) He saw at once that the modern press was not a rational form but a magical one so far as communication was concerned. Its very technological form was bound to be efficacious far beyond any informative purpose. Politics were becoming musical, jazzy, magical.

The same symbolist perception applied to cinema showed that the montage of images was basically a return via technology to age-old picture language. S. Eisenstein's *Film Form and Film Technique* explore the relations between modern developments in the arts and Chinese ideogram, pointing to the common basis of ideogram in modern art, science and technology.

One major discovery of the symbolists which had the greatest importance for subsequent investigation was their notion of the learning process as a labyrinth of the senses and faculties whose retracing provided the key to all arts and sciences basis of myth of Daedalus, basic for the dreams and schemes of Francis Bacon, and, when transferred by Vico to philosophy and history of culture, it also forms the basis of modern historiography, archaeology, psychology and artistic procedures alike. Retracing becomes in modern historical scholarship the technique of reconstruction. The technique which Edgar Poe first put to work in his detective stories. In the arts this has had all those astonishing results which have seemed to separate the ordinary public from what it regards as esoteric magic. From the point of view of the artists however the business of art is no longer the communication of thoughts of feelings which are to be conceptually ordered, but a direct participation in an experience. The whole tendency of modern communication whether in the press, in advertising or in the high arts is towards participation in a process, rather than apprehension of concepts. And this major revolution, intimately linked to technology, is one whose consequences have not begun to be studied although they have begun to be felt.

One immediate consequence, it seems to me, has been the decline of literature. The hypertrophy of letter-press, at once the cause and effect of universal literacy, has produced a spectacular decline of attention to the printed or written word. As you have shown in *Empire and Communications*, ages of literature have been few and brief in human history. The present literary epoch has been of exceptional duration — 400 years. There are many symptoms that it is at an end. The comic book for example has been seen as a degenerate literary form instead of as a nascent pictorial and dramatic form which has sprung from the new stress on visual-auditory communication in the magazines, the radio and television. The young today cannot follow narrative but they are alert to drama. They cannot bear description but they love landscape and action.

If literature is to survive as a scholastic discipline except for a very few people, it must be by a transfer of its techniques of perception and judgement to these new media. The new media, which are already much more constitutive educationally than those of the class-room, must be inspected and discussed in the class-room if the class-room is to continue at all except as a place of detention. As a teacher of literature it has long seemed to me that the functions of literature cannot be maintained in present circumstances without radical alteration of the procedures of teaching. Failure in this respect relegated Latin and Greek to the specialist; and English literature has already become a category rather than an interest in school and college.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

THE HARSH REALITY:

PIGGY BANK OF THE NORTH

I'm presently wandering across the North,
wondering what song the future will sing,
trying to get a grasp on the effects,
progress and development will bring.
There are those who believe the
Canadian North is about to walk the plank,
but in my view the North can be
compared to my very first piggy bank.

Do you recall in your earlier days,
what really turned your crank,
I think mine was collecting coins
to put in my piggy bank.
In these porky shaped of porcelain,
where I stashed my dough,
the ultimate was to hear my wealth
sloshing to and fro.

I never really grasped,
my apparently affluent state,
but rather, I was content,
to leave my finances to fate.
There I was injecting,
every coin I may have found,
for the pleasure of hearing,
my savings rattle around.

I contend the North is similar
to my first piggy bank,
Obviously if you shake the North
there won't be much of a clank.
But here above the 60 line,
there is vast, barren space,
of nothing more than thousands of miles,
of allence, beauty and grace.

In the serenity and strength of these
isolated scenes,
an individual is able to survive
on independent means.
The abundant wealth of the North,
lies without a sound,
the native appreciation of this land,
is subtle but profound.

"These Northern spaces will never change",
the Northerners once chanted,
they took their way of life,
and harsh environment for granted.
People who have lived in peace,
for generations,
are not prepared for any major
altercations.

The natives did not comprehend,
the meaning of progress,
but continued to enjoy the rewards,
without strain or duress.
They were content; never understanding,
the potential of the land,

The carefully woven fabric,
of the North has begun to fray,
as foreigners have threatened,
to take traditional livelihood away.
The land is being challenged,
irreversible effects are being felt,
the old North is growing smaller,
like an ice cube on the melt.

The natives are gradually coming to,
the distinct realization,
their way of life is endangered
by foreign exploitation.
The meaning of the North,
is taking a radical rebirth, and the natives of the land,
are beginning to grasp its worth.

In a piggy bank your wealth,
is also hidden from view,
which makes it difficult to estimate,
its total value.
When you are young and lack conception
of what money means,
you take your spending power for granted,
it seems.

As you mature and gradually grasp
the value of money stored,
you reach a point where you want
to spend rather than hoard.
In an effort to release the savings,
that you sank,
there are many ways to open up
your porcelain piggy bank.

If you've got time to retrieve coins,
from your money vault,
you can weasel around with a knife,
or try a spearing assault.
If there's no keeper on your bank,
and you reach a desperate strait,
try to fish the money out,
by using a magnet as bait.

If these clever tactics,
all seem to fail,
and you quickly need cash
for Boxing Day sale,
the technique I've perfected,
is guaranteed, you can trust it,
take your piggy bank in hand,
hold it high and bust it.

One may be able to smash,
piggy banks without much fear,
but I gravely question this practice,
when developing the vast frontier.
You can always purchase another bank,
there are many different kinds,
but a replacement for the North,
is quite impossible to find.

There is only one North,
and its development must be planned,
all of Canada must exchange dialogue,
on the future of this land.
As transition and change is propelling,
all of Canada ceaselessly forth,
time is required to assess
how to spend — the piggy bank of the North.

Eric M. Roher



THE NEW CANADIAN NORTH



ARCTIC STORM

If you get caught in a harsh Arctic storm
And you hunger for a meal,

I wouldn't recommend you try and eat
Your trusty snowmobila.

Norman Wells
1976

STANDING ALONE

Living in the north is like standing alone,
ears hearing silence, lips dry like bone,
eyes gently closed, breeze thru your hair,
in a fog of dreams, your mind starkly bare.

Looking into the heavens, watching the stars shine,
hear the hiss of the wind and the huskies whine,
the harsh arctic air, your perception tenses,
the whole experience, appetizing to the senses.

Living in the north, man is built for space,
able to ponder infinite beauty and grace,
standing silently alone, gazing into the sky,
wouldn't it be strange to see parachutes dropping by?

Hundreds of parachutes falling from the night,
suddenly, without warning, the sky is alight,
tanks rumbling, sirens roaring away,
fight planes in formation, another D-Day.

The foreigners are attacking, guns at their side,
militia is invading, where do you hide?
such a perception would certainly confuse,
perhaps you've been hitting too much booze.

If you ever imagine a foreign power advancing forth,
to take over the vast, barren tundra of the north,
sit back and relax, don't be pushed,
chances are — you're completely bushed.

Abe the Labe

Tuk Airport
(completed on a train through Northern Ontario)
August 1976

LAND OF THE LUNATIC

Hay River is a small northern town,
where people drift for reasons unfound,
If you delve into the tossed salad,
that makes up this northern ballad,
the only firm conclusion that seems to stick,
is that, this is the land of the lunatic.

My informal study conducted alone,
reveals that Hay River is the home,
of those individuals who want to get away,
looking for a meagre place to stay.
Who they are, there is little doubt,
they are from a society which is lunched out.

Hay River is the mecca for wanderers,
those who were unhappy being launderers,
for those who long to escape,
and those who've recently committed rape.
Lesbians, acid trips, drunks of all kinds,
all reside in small shacks within the town's confines.

You can be anybody you want in this town,
put on a mask and you may confound,
there are those who pretend, who want to get away,
and those who come to meditate and pray,
those looking for work and lots of money,
and those in search of sweet love and a honey.

There are those who are a little fatty,
and those complatly batty,
those who have had breakdowns and are fina,
and those who look like Frankenstein,
each has a strange story to tell,
and some of them savorally smell.

There are those who come to prove their masculinity,
and those who desire to sabotage their virginity,
those who try to grow a beard,
and those whose actions are absurdly weird.
On a Saturday night in the Legion Hall,
you can look around and see them all.

Hay River seems to attract these fascinations,
from all walks of life and geographic locations,
it's hard to say where old hazel eyes have fits,
it's probably between all these disguises I sit,
but there's one thing as sure as an iron fist in a velvet glove,
and that is, my roommate qualifies for all of the above.

One might think I am subject to hallucination,
and that my study of Hay River may be fabrication,
so come, see for yourself and you will find,
living in Hay River is more than a state of mind.
It is a collection of people on their own trips,
a constant flow of individual drips.

On your next holiday come north and visit the Hicks,
come to Hay River, Land of Lunatics.

Abe the Labe

Hay River
1976

THE LOTTERY

Close your eyes and imagine the ultimate surprisa,
when you found you've just won the grand prize.
Topped by the vast amount,
you don't know where to begin to count,
scrimping for so many years, being financially inert,
suddenly you possess so much wealth your bank book begins to hurt.

Stunned, shocked, jubilant, amazed,
thrilled, chilled, staggered, dazed,
it's hard to contain your joyful emotion,
while being flooded in an affluent ocean.
This is the moment to savour, there is no hurry,
it takes time to believe you've won the lottery.

Bubbling reporters are asking with glee,
what the future of your fortune will be,
more money than you've ever dreamed of before,
has invited itself right into your front door.
Your startled expression on page one looks splendid,
the question remains — "How are ya gonna spend it?"

What to do with your winnings is hard to say,
perhaps a Marzarattil with an alactic ashtray,
charter a plane exclusively for your pet,
or volunteer to pay off the national debt.
Invest your winnings in uranium stocks,
or carpet your home in mink or fox.

Some would suggest a aubmarina voyage around Hudson's Bay,
but perhaps you're more inclined to bankroll a Broadway play.
Whether you purchase a couple of Olympic size pools,
make an offer on the Queen's royal jewels,
or donate your winnings to the local mob,
you will have to decide whether to keep your job.

What to do in this dilemma of sudden prosperous gain,
is a throbbing new dimension in decision-making pain.
Winning, winning, winning has so many people obsessed,
you really have to wonder whether it's all for the best,
a grand prize may be beyond your fondest dreams,
but is this newfound wealth as good as it seems?

It's interesting the way the bank manager is now your friend,
and ancient quarrels with relatives somehow rapidly mend,
your family is suddenly concerned about your health,
waiting in the wings, anxious to inherit your wealth.
Complete strangers are coming out of the walls,
to kindly advise where your best interest falls.

Overwhelmed, unprepared, what do you do,
when a mass of wealth is thrust upon you,
agonizing decisions have to be wrought,
coping with the new lifestyle you've bought.
It may seem like a desirable position,
until such stress results in heart condition.

So what do you do when you've won the grand prize,
and you don't think this is where your best interest lies.
Be strong and forceful, you won't regret it,
everyone will certainly give you due credit,
if the vast amount will cause you to possibly crack,
just say you'd prefer to give it all back.

(The Canadian North is presently under similar stress,
they've recently won the prize of development and progress.
Struggling to cope with this radical transition,
not being given a chance to make a meaningful decision,
one must seriously wonder if this lottery is indeed cricket,
considering the north has not even bought a ticket.)

Abe the Laba

Toronto
September 1976



SOUR GRAPES

Travelling through the villages of the north,
a complaint that often emerges forth,
in places where one rarely hears a sound,
is the dislike for small northern towns.
The scorn comes in various forms and shapes,
but in my view it's all just sour grapes.

Most vocal are those newly established residents,
who discuss their northern future with great reluctance,
they agreed to come to some God-forsaken place,
to get away from the disorder of big city pace,
moving to a nowhere land they seek a transfusion,
but soon they realize they miss the vast confusion.

They miss the action-packed city places,
things that do not exist in far away spaces,
without a vendor of booze, liquor outlet or bar,
night life in a small village doesn't go very far.
500 people are required for a T.V. station
for most, this is an unfortunate realization.

A dance in a small village is completely obsolete,
there's no place to boggle to a musical beat,
a search for women is doomed to fail,
since there's grave shortage of adequate tall,
in each town there is usually one store,
and it never has what you're looking for.

There is little industry (entrepreneurs please note),
the Government is forced to keep the town afloat,
NTCL, Environment, Lands and Forest, Public Works,
all employ most of these transient jerks,
they rapidly get bored with alimplicity of village life,
and long for the tribulations of big city strife.

There are those who desire to go to Hay River,
where they hear that the liquor store delivers,
there are those who rave about visiting Inuvik,
in an effort to score every available chick,
the peace and harmony of small town life,
cannot be found in a tavern in Yellowknife.

Whether you're in Sachs Harbour, Tuk or Good Hope,
you come across these sour grapes who can't cope,
these newcomers add nothing positive or sincere,
but constantly criticize the community atmosphere,
they do not give but instinctively take,
and come north solely for money's sake.

If you come across an outspoken dude,
who aptly demonstrates this attitude,
don't ignore him with a nasty stare,
or introduce him to a grizzly bear,
the best way to regulate his foreign mouth,
is to put him on a plane and ship him south.

Aba tha Laba

Norman Wells
1976

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Letters

As mechanical media have popularized and enforced the presence of the arts on all people it becomes more and more necessary to make studies of the function and effect of communication on society. Present ideas of such effects are almost entirely in terms of mounting or sagging sales curves resulting from special campaigns of commercial education. Neither the agencies nor the consumers know anything about the social or cultural effects of this education. Deutch's interesting pamphlet on communication is thoroughly divorced from any sense of the social functions performed by communication. He is typical of a school likewise in his failure to study the matter in the particular. He is the technician interested in power but uncritical and unconcerned with social effect. The diagnosis of his type is best found so far as I know, in Wyndham Lewis's *The Art of Being Ruled*. That pamphlet is probably the most radical political document since Machiavelli's *Prince*. But whereas Machiavelli was concerned with the use of society as raw material for the arts of power, Lewis reverse the perspective and tries to discern the human shape once more in a vast technological landscape which has been ordered on Machiavellian lines.

The fallacy in the Deutsch-wiener approach is its failure to understand the techniques and functions of the traditional arts as the essential type of all human communication. It is instead a dialectical approach born of technology and quite unable of itself to see beyond or around technology. The Medieval schoolmen ultimately ended up on the same dialectical reef.

As Easterbrook may have told you I have been considering an experiment in communication which is to follow the lines of this letter in suggesting means of linking a variety of specialized fields by what might be called a method of esthetic analysis of their common features. This method has been used by my friend Siegfried Giedion in *Space, Time and Architecture* and in *Mechanization Takes Command*. What I have been considering is a single mimeographed sheet to be sent out weekly or fortnightly to a few dozen people in different fields, at first illustrating the underlying unities of form which exist where diversity is all that meets the eye. Then, it is hoped there will be a feedback of related perception from various readers which will establish a continuous flow.

It seems obvious to me that Bloor St. is the one point in this University where one might establish a focus of the arts and sciences. And the organizing concept would naturally be "Communication Theory and Practice". A simultaneous focus of current and historical forms. Relevance to be given to selection of areas of study by dominant artistic and scientific modes of the particular period. Arts here used as providing criteria, techniques of observation, and bodies of recorded, achieved, experience. Points of departure but also return.

For example the actual techniques of economic study today seem to me to be of genuine relevance to anybody who wishes to grasp the best in current poetry and music. And vice versa. There is a real, living unity in our time, as in any other, but it lies submerged under a superficial hubbub of sensation. Using Frequency Modulation techniques one can slice accurately through such interferences, whereas Amplitude Modulation leaves you bouncing on all the currents.

Marshall McLuhan

This letter was hand printed. The reason for the date being later than that of the reply is that this one was to be mimeographed and was a "rewrite". — Ed.

February 26, 1951

Dear McLuhan:

Needless to say I was very much interested in your letter and, if you have no objections, I would like to have copies typed for circulation to one or two of our mutual friends.

I would like to see your views elaborated since they seem very important could be used as a basis for general discussion. I was interested in your remarks on Deutsch and his views as expressed in your pamphlet. I would be very pleased if you would put me on your list of people receiving copies of the mimeographed sheet.

I was sorry not to have answered your letter at an earlier date but I have only recently escaped from the demands of the Royal Commission.

With many thanks,
Yours ever,
Harold A. Innis

M. M. TAPES

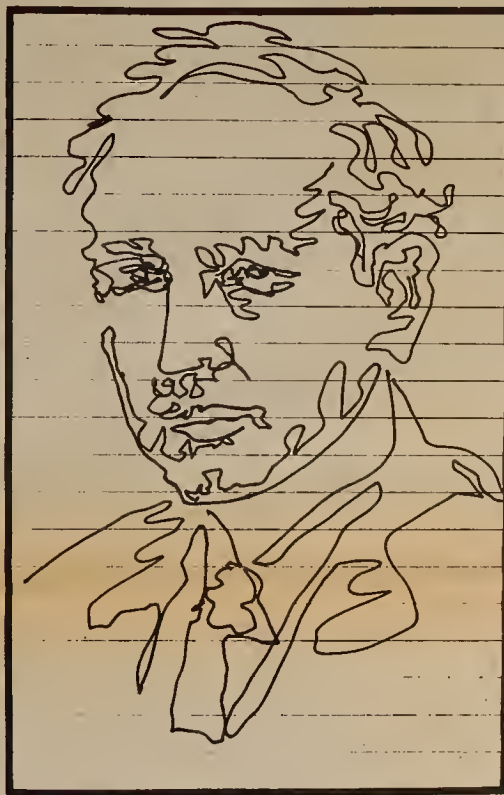
For anyone interested in listening taping "The Space-Out American" to the tape-recorded interview with article, queries can be directed to Marshall McLuhan, the original Prof. Geo. Gernber, Editor, "Journal of Communications". Annen- the lounge of the Innis pub Wed. berg School of Communications, Nov. 10, at 4 p.m. 3620 Walnut St., University of

Concerning obtaining a copy of Pennsylvania, Pa. 19104.
"Journal of Communications" con-

HAROLD INNIS

For proofreaders who know of Harold Innis, the sight of the banner of this herald starts automatic motor response of removing pencil from ear to mark "tr." for "transpose". Yet many don't know Harold from Herald much less know how to spell Harold when they mean herald or Herald when they mean Harold.

Harold might simply not have appeared of the "Herald" anyway or which will be heralded thoughts and even of Harold, being only a figure ideas that Harold Innis wrote down in his literate heraldry. The paper during his lifetime. "The Idea File" could have been heralded "The itself, actually does exist here at the Herald Herald" or worse "Harold's U of T and is available for your Herald". Be that as it may, we perusal. would further herald Mr. Harold Innis in each edition by way of a



IDEA FILE

"It represented simply ideas which came to him at various times touching upon all sorts of different subjects. Some of these ideas may well have been prompted by books he was reading or by people he was talking with. But, however at the moment they were arrived at, it is clear that they were very much a product of his thought. Through these notes, as a result we come close to following the inner processes of his mind."

— from prefatory note by S.D. Clark

GALLUP POLLS — The Gallup Poll the new factor not recognized by the Gallup Poll.

... Substitution of newspaper and mechanical reproduction of words i.e. radio for orators implies entirely new strategy or emphasis or tactics on strategy — military element in political game — possibility of mobilized opinion — concentrating on certain areas i.e. New York, in presidential elections — Gallup Poll indicates points at which strategic operations can be undertaken.

FURNITURE — about 1322 Italian furniture became lighter as result of use of saw rather than of axe or instrument to cut wood into block.

GADSBY — power of writing

sharp phrases — falconer — a bur-

nisher of platitudes. Sharp writing CITIES — Problems of cities facing characteristics of period to end of serious geographical difficulties — war — tends to disappear with large Amsterdam — Toronto extension scale business of newspaper.

PROUDHON — "Property is theft" — a phrase stolen by Proudhon. power in city planning. Role of newspaper campaigns in planning of cities. Tendency of cities to overcome basic civilization — Alexandria, Byzantium, Rome, N.Y. — large growth of Cities eat up civilization — inability to prevent expansion of cities — exhaustion of populations, agricultural resources.

PULITZER — had excellent editorial page because of blindness — editorials read to him, — concentrated on building to advertise world.

PRINTING — Printing creates powerful assumption of truth ... becomes device for checking spread of scepticism. Printing the art preservative of all the arts.

RAGS — Demand for rags is U.S. from Europe supplied partly with rags released by newspaper monopoly in England ... But repression of Church and State in Roman Catholic countries favoured export of rags and paper to literate countries.

CIVILIZATION — a struggle between those who know their limitations and those who do not. Clash of languages with conquests may promote freedom, i.e. French and English in Canada, Dutch and English in early New York.

Larger number of words in English than in French because of two sources of English language. **NEWSPAPER OFFICES** — "fact faking factories". Magazines, Churchill's fine words probable newspapers, radio created public source of annoyance to people who opinion they later influenced.

The INNIS HERALD

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Harold Innis by Bill Drury

Students:

The same stale, dry lectures, written ten years ago on now-yellowing, dog-eared pages are repeated by firing professors to disinterested students.

Then there are exceptional scholars who report their most recent discoveries, make statements of their new ideas, and who hand out drafts of essays and chapters which they hope to publish in the near future.

Harold Innis was a scholar of the latter type. His gift to his students and colleagues was the example he set: a constantly inquiring mind in a ceaseless, untiring, undogmatic search for truth.

These qualities made Harold Innis the most influential social scientist in Canada, as well as Dean of Graduate Studies at the U. of T. until his death. His academic career was spent finding a focus which would explain the growth, change and decay of social values and institutions.

Innis noted that civilizations exhibit a bias either towards duration in time or towards extension in space. A civilization's bias towards either temporal duration or spacial extension has an obvious impact on social values. Temporal duration is supported by an emphasis on tradition, authority, and cohesion. These values are espoused by the religious institutions of a civilization.

Spacial extension is secured by concentrating in innovation, efficiency, and the use of coercion to secure influence. These values are most often espoused by the merchants and the war lords.

"Each civilization has its own method of suicide," wrote Innis, but the cause was always a lack of balance in social values. A strong temporal bias leads to stagnation while a strong spacial bias leads to disintegration.

The bias must be balanced to maintain a vital, creative society.

The question which occupied Innis' mind was what determines a civilization's value bias.

The now-famous phrase: "The Media is the Message", developed by Marshall McLuhan, could very easily have been born as a margin note in his copy of "Bias of Communication".

This, Innis' second-last book, is a must for all Innis students.



OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOUR

ROBOT LIBRARY

If Simpsons had designed this library would they have done it differently? Perhaps they would have insisted on see-through plexiglass escalator railings to better view "product", otherwise the design would have been the same. Huge! Huge! Beyond the human scale. Orwellian security as far as the eye can see. Enough stone to bury Tutankhamun. If you should eat what passes for food at St. George and Harbord, you could get buried with him. Of course one can always protest the loss of coin, the food additives, the bacteria and plasti-cardboard that masquerade as "sandwiches" and "drinks" by stuffing the coin slots with paper, as is often done, then pressing the selection buttons to watch them rotate and rot. Better that catered yuch rots in the machines than in your stomach.

Your friendly neighbourhood librarian has long since been replaced by a multi-formed, part time robotic like human who demands you take a number for service after telling you, "no children or relatives allowed in the stacks". Even this last bastion of semi-humanity is about to be replaced by something called a computer. You'd think we hated the book! Allocating all the great and lesser written works of mankind to a huge building cum coin machine. A 50 million dollar computerized mechanized warehouse. Complete with truck docks even! A passer-by would think that Harbord and St. George was a 12th century "Industrial Park".

Just because some library science majors and computer salesmen are bucking for promotion we have to suffer endless electro-mechanized changes to our environs. All in the hideous name of progress. Progress is a word that has no meaning outside a board room with a few glasses and a decanter of Scotch on the table. (May we suggest a Bordeaux, Chateau Lafite '61 — Rothschild.) Because the technology is available to perpetuate such continuing violent change on the public of the university and the city, (in preparation for what?), is that an excuse to employ it? How you get a book from the library is more important than the book itself. Getting a book from the Roberts, from the pre-programmed automated, "take a card", "take a number", ding when the light goes on machine is now not worth the effort.

It is not the fault of the staff. It is the environment of the building and "working environment" itself that creates a supernatural, superficial assembly line type of human being, staff and users. The Roberts is big enough, (but probably too big), to have a pub with fresh food and drink, and that, at least to be a warm and friendly corner in the "Fort". The "Ding" hell and number system could easily be flushed away by 6 or so intelligent alert people busy enough and concerned enough to help you get your book and remember who you are.

Why do the telephones have to cost 20 cents. Why do the copies have to cost 20 cents? Why is much

of the entire book collection of the university so centralized? I mean really... a whole city block of books? Can't a most be built around it to keep people out altogether to save us from this people processor? Will some day only computers read and take out books? Is the Roberts not now already a place only for the "two-bit-wit"? Would it not be better to stuff it with computers today, brick up the doors and call it a monument to overuse of building technology, controlled environment, electric technology, library science, automated food, security service, computers, and grandiose planning?

Centralization, grandiose planning, library science, automated food, and overbuilding are obsolete concepts in the electric age anyway. Today we demand a rich and complex interplay between individuals, not sterile assembly-line processing governed by the binary ("two-bit") computer. Can we bring back "the librarian"? Can we find her? Does she or he exist anymore?

In the minds of the library planners our psyches are infinitely divisible by computer. Unfortunately for them, however, this is not the case. They may play with their sequential toys only for so long, that is, until with overuse they will have to hire an old fashioned librarian, a guide, to lead them out of their linear nightmare into the personnel office of "The Society for Creative Anachronism". Once there, these recruits will be summarily processed, as they are accustomed, and then be asked to demonstrate their usefulness by enacting a puppet show titled "Death of a Salesman" using Barbie dolls.

Possibly another even more outrageous answer of a sort will arrive when we are able to publish instantly in our homes any book we choose.

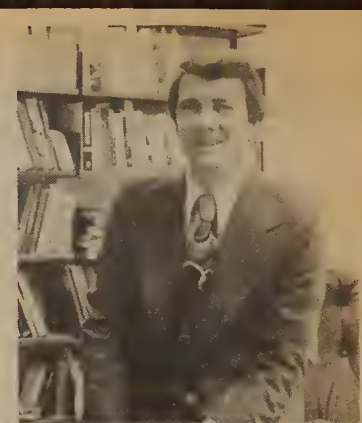
Library science or just science itself has buried at Harbord and St. George the humanity once to be found in an excursion to the library. The epitaph on the huge tombstone reads: "Take the escalator to the 3rd floor and pick up the receiver for a recorded message." That message, with any justice at all, will be Charlie Chaplin's Social Insurance Number sung over and over again to the tune of "Modern Times".

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— A "12TH CENTURY INDUSTRIAL PARK"?



WILLIAM GEORGE GABRIEL SAYWELL

Bill Saywell is the new principal of Innis College. He was born in Regina 39 years ago last December 1st and lives in West Toronto with his wife and three children.

Dr. Saywell comes to Innis College with a "curriculum vitae" that runs into 8 pages. The title of his Ph.D. thesis is "The Thought of Tai Chi-tao, 1912-1928". He was Sinologist and First Secretary at the Canadian Embassy in Peking in 1972-73 and was also Chairman of the Department of East Asian Studies at the University of Toronto until he accepted his position here. He is teaching one under-grad course this year. (see Mosaic)

There is more and Bill Saywell has engaged at least this reporter's curiosity to hear from him in further issues.

Sophocles'
WOMEN OF TRACHIS
 Hart House Theatre
EZRA POUND'S
TRANSLATION.

"One definition of beauty is: aptness to purpose."

— ABC

And the purpose here is sound and voice. The American voice, from the Greek to the English to the dialect. To the sound of it.

The words, to Pound, are everything, but so is the sound of them on the ear and to the mind. The translator must catch that, must find the connect between the writer/translator/reader/listener. If not, then the words will lie dead, barren on the page. Melopoeia, Pound called it; to charge words with sound, to impress a visual and emotional picture on the reader/listener with sound.

But one has to talk, to speak in the language that one knows best and that is exactly what Pound does. He speaks in the language, in the dialect of his country. It could be called slang, but it is the natural force of the language and that is what people hear. People recognize their own language best; it is within it that they find the familiar forms and a realistic vision of themselves. Without that familiarity of language, they may see it, even hear it, but it won't rise above the flatness of the printed page.

Pound has not so much translated, but taken and transformed the written poetic into his own language of spoken force. By doing so he draws in the reader/listener to a realization of his connection in the poetic drama. There is no detachment, but rather a union between the language of the poet/translator and resonance with the reader/listener.

Pound wanted method in language; the real and the unnecessary were what was most important to him. The superficialities of language, the blown up phrase, the extra word, were not things that entered into the natural speech patterns of the people and as such were eliminated and the language returned to the basics. This is not to say that the man was less of a poet, but rather than his poetry was born of the force of the spoken word he heard around him and played upon.

A natural rhythm and a natural sense were things that his own force of language was based upon. In translating, Pound brings it all back home again in Winesburg, Ohio and the jazz beats of 42nd. He returns from what was to what is; the sound and voice of his own country.

WENDY PICKELL

Chuck Heston IS God; Midway Consolidates Claim

Hello Toronto!

It's boffo at the box office. Midway that is. You know it. The film that proves conclusively World War II did exist, that the Japanese were our enemies, and that it all sounded so scrumptious. In **SENSURROUND**.

"The management bears no responsibility for any emotional suffering the viewer may undergo due to the all new sound sensation of sensurround. So real you can feel it!"

In a never-ending siege of disaster flicks (Earthquake, Towing Inferno, et al.) in which Chas Heston invariably expires, (and this film would prove no different), Midway stands out as triumph of modern cinema because of its ironical bite, its harsh, stark reality and its timely importance. Believe this horse pucky and you will quickly understand how come crappy flicks with big names, pack 'em in in the '70's. Especially if death and vigorous jingoistic flag-waving are poured over in proper amounts.

Nevertheless, the battle, "the turning point in the Pacific" was fought at Midway and the U.S. won so they got to make a movie about it. Of course they needed Japanese cameras to shoot it. But these are trifling technicalities. Oh, and real live Japanese were used for the Japanese parts. Naturally they all spoke impeccable English on the decks of their own ships. This again a concession to the U.S. win. I mean imagine Henry Fonda speaking Japanese on a U.S. Battleship. Tho' Jane could probably get away with it.

The battle itself, which included a wide panoply of military paraphernalia and every race, creed and colour had to be jazzed up by the tinsel town trends with a myriad of banal subplots and insignificant cameo appearances by H. Wood heavies ("where's Kirk sweetie?") such as Robert Mitchum whom we all hoped would rise from his sickbed, where he was incapacitated with a repugnant yet extraordinary total body itch, and lead us on to glorious victory. Alas, this malady curtailed his total screen time to one minute. This was unfortunate since Bob Mitchum and Henry Fonda (Oh, how I adore Hank) inspire so much spine-tingling confidence. Bob in a boozy, independent way; Hank in a cool, reserved WASP manner.

However, the subplot routine tore at our heart strings and simplistic emotions with moralistically tripe

scenies such as when Chuck Heston finds out his son is engaged to a Japanese girl. As Chuck says,

"You know I don't care whether the girl you marry is white, black, yellow or green so long as you both love each other but, Christ man, 6 months after Pearl Harbour, you've got one hell of a sense of timing."

Thank God she was only a U.S. born and bred Japanese American. A real live native could have set off the sensurround buttons in San Clemente.

Throughout the film Chuckie bends over backwards to aid fiancé and her family. Of course, Gods, and heroes of all sorts, will do this sort of thing. To ensure apotheosis Chuckie is "wasted" when he decides, what the heck, I'll fly a mission. It's the least I can do. It's like riding a bicycle, isn't it?

Technically, the film is actually a scam for the new-fangled phenomenon of sensurround. One wonders if the battle was actually staged in order to show off Hollywood's new audio facility. However, if one is lucky enough to sit away from the speakers the sound emission more closely resembles the expulsion of gas in a bath tub rather than a "dabbed fracas".

And what of the sophisticated audiences of today? One would expect types such as half-crazed, eyes glazed redneck, frothing at the mouth, while half a navy is blown out of the water. Or perhaps a middle-aged daddy with an ample protuberance of belly taking his child along to see "what it was all about." This line always followed by that grave reminder, "I was there."

But none of these types were present. For example, periodically throughout the film, names of some of the combatants would be flashed on the screen, to add the personal, one presumes, so that we would feel a tug at the heart when one of them "bought it." Finally, the name of "Lt. Cmdr. George Gay" popped up only to be greeted with a wall of derisive and contemptuous laughter. Most of these people, you understand, were weened on serious daytime drama, the clean name for soap opera. Hell, they'd be howling at an acid fight or at the very least the "Texas Chainsaw Massacre".

What of the future of tinsel town extravaganzas? Well, if this is Midway according to Hollywood what will the Entebbe rescue flick be like, starring Steve McQueen as an Israeli general?

DAVID CASS



ARRRIGHT!

On the pins ... Jeff Zoid, recently divorced from team-mate Al Zoid, is just as dependable as ever. The crowd was treated to massive adrenalin boosts and near fatal heart attacks when J. Zoid, after avoiding the tubes with rough play, was within 35 points of a free game. All he needed was to hit one target, goose one number ... he kissed a post and sewered. But then miraculously lazarried ... punched the 3, only to die. The crowd responded with an air intake and explosion faster than you could say Arr-right! Some were treated at Toronto General for smoke inhalation and shock and later released.

"History Man's" longevity per ball astounded this reporter today when he succeeded five times (at 6) in making a game out of a "zero deluxe". The man's remarkable body English and tenacious hitting make him a definite choice (Arr-right!) Player of the Year (What!) Player of the Month? (What the) Player of the Week? (no) Player of the Day? (Well...) Whaddaya say? (O.K. Player of the Day...)

... Pressure has been mounting to set a date for the "Innis Invitational" but some players feel that the rookies need seasoning ... (I mean, who are dese guys, dese punks? Dese gimmie de ketchups) ... I mean, what do these guys know about the Lazarus, the Silent Six, the Nine Ten, Greek shots, Mixed Munchies up top, the End of the Road, Dead Budgies, the Anti-Budgie, Rinsky Korsikoffs, Bonii Row, Suicide Targii, Juice, Sewers, Sweat, Blood, Choke Ugg! These punks! These punks galore! I can't take it anymore! If Flip a Card were here to talk, Flip would whisper, "Take a Walk" (Arrright!)

I COVER THE CAMPUS

Just another Friday

Dropped by Innis today and I was not disappointed. You'd probably think: "Friday? who mingles on Friday?" but au contraire kids, I've found that those persons truly devoted to social intercourse are out, in full colour, on just that day.

Rena was there, looking dreamy in a turquoise blue jumpsuit (it appeared to be a St. Laurent copy but then imitation is the highest form of compliment). The "enfant terrible" of the PolySci Department was engaged in avid conversation with two

of same. More power to you, Rena! Decor was divine par usual, and that well known group of malkontents had draped themselves in front of the piano. What better place to discuss social change!

The Innis regulars were chatty and helpful as always. Kate, Walter and I had a good giggle over punchy espresso. Tremendous!

Heavens to Betsy, Shabir was so depressed. Quel drag! But who can

stay sad in a place like that for very long?

Where Friends Meet is the byline, slightly amiss — probably contemplating his new passion: Law. Always the very spirit of adventure, I made my way over to the Out there, Dave was talking to Arbour Room. Passed by those virmary, that lovely redhead so re-ile young men jogging on the Hart miniscient of Anne of Green Gables. House lawn and honest! broke into a

Rory was looking dapper in his positively cold sweat! But ladies, if new navy haircut and was enjoying a you do want a genuine treat, make it beer while pondering his Female your business to drop by the exercise room (greased and gorgeous, Fellini Trouble. Good luck Rory! Martin, still smartin over his only does lip service!)

Let me tell you, things were really dead at Jock City. No one worth mentioning was there and the aesthetics were no hell either, if you get my drift.

JBA

THREE-HEADED LADY

Dust cover: the spotlight falls on a solitary figure in pink tights and tutu balanced high on a tight rope. The people were jeering but now sit uneasy. There is no safety net, and the woman is immensely ...Fat. Over the west coast, over the prairies and smokestacks she comes, until with a deft move she steps to the opposite platform. As the crowd rises, a crane lowers the Fat Lady into the uplifted chorus of mass approval.

Like the action, Margaret Atwood's new book, *Lady Oracle*, is a stunt. It is written only for the footwork. She takes us through a multi-layered face that preys on Canadian society, with the pretense that the novel is not dead as a literary form. Happily she satirizes her own cause of Canadian nationalism. Her main protagonist could be called a running gag. Unfortunately, part of the joke is that there is no punch-line.

Her heroine is a type, and as such acts to identify Atwood's audience. Joan Foster is a more or less typical, middle-class girl from a WASP household in Toronto, where she grows up in the fifties. She starts out as a "misfit". Brownies, ballet school, the school-yard rumour mill, all the usual sites of female purity, do what they do to a girl who is fat. Though we are receptive to her frustration, and confused bitterness, the speaker puts out a monotonic of blasé self-deprecation. Joan tells us that she is a pushover (and has fearful outbursts at regular intervals) but the tone remains consistently detached. Her emotional range seldom scars above premediated self-pity.

After high school she slims down, leaves home and constructs a new identity around her new body. She moves to London where, after being deflowered by a sincerely regretful Polish expatriate, finds herself a lover, a boring left-wing Canadian named Arthur. Along with most of culture the other male characters, he is given a flat, two-dimensional profile. We keep hearing about faults that are never demonstrated, feelings never spoken, so that he never stirs our interest, even when Joan suspects he is trying to murder her.

The eventual marriage with Arthur is a "success", not for any positive reason, but because Joan keeps her fantasy life out of her marriage. This is where, it seems, other women go wrong; they lay their fantasies on their husbands. Joan relieves herself through writing drugstore romances, *Costume Gothics*, under the name of her benevolent Aunt Lou. The excerpts from the *Gothics* are supposed to be a clue to help one figure out what is going on, but I just found the italics a graphic relief from the toneless voice of the rest of the book.

When Joan tries automatic writing on the advice of spiritualist Leda Sprott, the unknown hand produces what easily becomes a book of poetry, Joan Foster's own *Lady Oracle*, a "cross between Rod McKuen and Kahil Gibran." The resulting fame, fortune (from poetry?) and a new lover completely throw her life off balance. She faces an identity crisis now that she has to live out a dream. Bureaucratic and satire take over from this point. A lot of the satire is quite good, featuring a nationalist group that decides to blow up a car on the Peace Bridge, and a Con-crete poet named Royal Porcupine. For reasons never fully made clear she fakes her death and runs off to Italy, where we find her when the book begins.

At one point Joan says: "This was the reason I fabricated my life, time after time: the truth was not convincing." Likewise the book is too easily seen as a contrivance.

When Joan Foster calls her poetry book a "Gothic gone wrong", the same applies to Atwood's book of the same name. In various ways the

usual trappings of the Gothic are employed, including occult devices (such as the apparition of her mother's spirit), strange attempts on the heroine's life, hidden evidence later dug up to be used to confront the heroine, and suspenseful endings to otherwise mild chapters. The point is made explicit when the excerpts from Joan's *Gothics* become closer reflections of reality than her day to day experience.

The 19th century motif not only refers to the fantasy life of 20th century Canadians, but to their moral values as well. The middle-class values which Joan's mother espouses, supposedly have their roots in the last century, in the end Joan smiles that these are the values which she has tried to live up to all along.

Joan has three mother figures: her parent, her Aunt Lou, and the spiritualist, Leda Sprott. These link up to identities within Joan's character. But there is a point where Margaret Atwood becomes part of Joan Foster. Atwood's intrusions became apparent in the use of images from former novels that creep into the excerpts from the *Costume Gothics*, and sudden lapses of Joan's character. For example, although Joan's instincts are sound enough to pull her through most situations, she is culturally deprived. When her Polish lover makes an allusion to Tolstoy she doesn't pick up the reference. Yet later she makes the comment on his prose: "Seductive ringlets, tendrils and strands, they always feature in Paul's books, as in Milton's." It's almost as if both Atwood and Foster are drawing on the same imagination, especially when we read the poetry. From the opening image of the mother appearing three-headed in the mirror on her vanity table, we establish contact with (1) the archetype of women in North America society and the difficulty of dealing with (2) a practical lifestyle that can never satisfy (3) the packaged fantasy to which she retreats.

Leda Sprott tells Joan: "You might think I'm a stupid old woman or a charlatan, I'm used to that. But sometimes I had the truth to tell; there's no mistaking when you do. When I had no truth to tell, I told them what they wanted to hear." This note of bleached idealism, of truth the victim of a necessity to speak, is at the source of the view of a Joan Foster and the book.

Ben Volman

The Innis College Picnick

It was nine in the morning on a cool Toronto Sunday when fifteen odd (and I mean odd) social misfits, also known as Innis College students, gathered in the hallowed halls of Innis to take part in the College's "Acting Silly Outdoors" seminar. Scheduled to leave the college at nine in the morning, the picnickers were lucky to get out on the road by ten-thirty, and even then there was discussion from five or six more radical students who insisted on staying longer so that they could catch the Oral Roberts show on the college TV. However the more conservative element prevailed and with the aid of a bus driver who learned his trade by watching Mario Andretti in the Indy 500, the fifteen, as they came to be known, arrived safely at the picnick site north of Whitby.

On arrival of Balderston Estates the Innisites immediately swung into action exploring the environment. Using the skills they had learned in school, two Innis geography students, Mark and Etta Joliet, quickly discovered a river running through the estate. Acting in his normally utilitarian manner Innis philosophy student, John Stuart

Mill, found that the abundance of beer and wine that the students had brought along could be kept cool in the newly discovered Mississippi. With the essentials out of the way the rest of the day was left to the creative madness of the mob. A fire was started by physics student and part-time cook in a Greek restaurant, Prometheus Bound over which the students cooked the multitude of hamburgers and chickens that were brought along for the enjoyment of all. After lunch a majority of the students took part in a game of frisbee, trying to debunk the myth that Canadians are nature lazy. Finding the play totally ineffectual with only one frisbee, four more frisbees were added. The students played no better with the added frisbees but it soon became apparent that they were having more fun winging up to five frisbees in the air at the same time. One student comment at the time, "My it looks just like a scaled down invasion by Martian flying saucers." Heavily ostracised for this silly comment the student was punished by being forced to attend a serious conversation with Herald co-editor Bill Drury for more than five minutes, a near impossible task, as any Innis student will tell you.

It soon became apparent that the group was having more fun at the game than was first suspected as couples started to wander into the woods under the pretext of chasing after stray frisbees. Not knowing exactly what was going in, as is usually the case, Innis student council president Robin Holmes was overheard saying to herself, "What did I do wrong? Why are they all leaving?" Overhearing this comment by our fearless leader, Bill Drury quickly stepped in and said, "It's all right, Robin. It's just Nature." "What?" replied Robin. "Sex," said Bill. "Oh that," said Robin, realizing that things were all right after all.

The picnick was marred early in the afternoon when it began to rain in the afternoon. People being what they are the Innis students all huddled under nearest large tree for shelter, hoping for an entertaining electrical storm. It seemed that the only three intelligent members of the group were three folk guitarists who were found huddled in the back seat of a car during the storm. After the storm subsided the guitars came out again and joined the students in singing and playing antiquated nineteen-sixties folk songs. Quaint, but not quite silly. Dinner was soon ready and there was plenty of chicken for everybody. After dinner an attempt was made at organizing a group sex activity but this didn't work as none of the student knew what they were supposed to do. Because of this lack of savoir faire president Robin Holmes is now in the process of planning full-scale training sessions for the upcoming farm weekend. Bravo, Robin.

About seven o'clock, the food and drink being depleted, the flaky fifteen returned to their city retreats after a very interesting, but silly, day out in the country.

In a way it was disappointing that the turnout was so poor but that was okay because there was only that much more food and drink for a pig like myself.

— G. Lawrence Bain

LINA

Lina Wertmuller knows that things generally get worse. So it makes sense that *All Screwed Up*, which she made in the mid-sixties, is better than her more recently made Toronto releases. Her scorching ideas on capitalism and sex get faster and loonier treatment in this one.

Worth seeing for \$3.50.

Elizabeth Nyburg

WINERY

It was a swell summer day. The sun was shining brightly in the sky. I was in Ontario. Wine making country. Gee Niagara is beautiful at this time of year. I turned my car up the long drive of the "Old Necropolis Wine Corp." A man was scouring and buffing the curb of the driveway and another, a little further on, polishing the driveway itself. I thought how nice to keep things neat and clean. Further up I noticed formica end tables, wall panelling, and TV sets, strategically placed on the astroturf by the drive. All dusted, vacuumed, and gleaming in the sun. It was enough to make you feel at home in your rec room. Nice!

I was greeted at the entrance to the winery by the little old wine maker himself O.J. Buck. He said he not only made the wine but did all the public relations as well. Terrific! I thought! Buck, 6'4", very much overweight, was impeccably dressed in a pin striped grey and black suit, black shirt, white tie and American air-force sunglasses. Smoked a large mild White Owl. The image of an Ontario winemaker I thought. He gave me the tour. Of the winery.

The building was one acre of pre-cast concrete beside two acres of paved parking lot. The lot was full of colorful cars shining in the 95 degree sun. I was first taken to the tasting room to be introduced to the company tasters. The room itself was vault-like with small windows near the ceiling. The tasters (17 of them) were sitting or lying placidly on the concrete floor. Some leaned against the walls. Some leaned against each other. Amongst them was scattered broken glass, empty bottles, spit wine, urine, and a great deal of some amazingly colourless vomit. On one side of the room stood a natural finish plywood table with brown tubular legs. On it a few wine bottles, some empty, some half full. The tasters were modestly dressed and all sound asleep or dead. I was informed we had intruded at a post-tasting time and that it might be better to come back later for an interview if I could stand the smell. I said OK. Perhaps. We moved on. I did ask why the room wasn't air conditioned and was told that unnatural environments interfered with the tasting process.

We then went into a large room where men and women seemed to be sorting thousands of small styrofoam balls. I was told that these little styrofoam balls were the grapes. I had always thought that grapes grew on vines and queried my host on this point. He replied "European myth". The styrofoam grapes had been manufactured in Sarnia and shipped here for selection. After the selection and codifying the balls were bussed to Rexdale where they would be spray-painted rose pink, fire engine table red, or vossie yellow after which they would be returned here for further processing. I asked why the spray-painting was not done at the winery. The reply was that "Old Nec" was not a mature winery yet but in years to come they would obtain that all important equipment. We moved on.

The next process included the colourful styrofoam balls being shot from guns (a la puffed wheat) into huge vats containing "army surplus aftershave". The best ingredient in the world to dissolve styrofoam grapes, I was told. Later vitamin D is added. Marvelous! I exclaimed! My host explained that the alcohol in the aftershave preserved the toxic level in the wine until it reached the store shelf. The wine from "Old Nec" was paint-stripping and brush-cleaning qualities too, it also has a known value as a killer of household insects. "Vapona Pest Strip look out!" I said. And I remembered how insect free the tasting room had been.

All too soon this wonderful tour was over and in accordance with tradition I was presented with a bottle of vintage "Old Buck". I asked why on the label of the bottle it read "shake well before using" as I had never seen that on a wine label before. My host flushed and replied that there was a small problem that they hadn't worked out yet, and the government had asked them to put that message on the bottle. Still curious I asked what the problem was. He said that the bubbles seem to collect near the bottom of the bottle but if you shake it, for a time the wine looks natural until the bubbles begin to fall again. "Its nothing though," he smiled. I agreed, thanked him for the gift and left. As I was leaving the drive I stopped to say farewell to the diligent curb cleaner. He complained of a stain he just couldn't seem to remove. I gave him my bottle of "Old Buck". He said I may have saved his job. Gee, it had kindabeena swell day.

ZOOBIE ZOO

Ask not what you can do for your pet, but rather, what your pet can do for you ...

A close friend of mine tells me that Zoey Finklestein III, her pussy (don't ask what became of I & II), screens allvisitors. Despite an obvious bias towards gay persons and exhibitionists, Zoey is generally a right-on judge of character. Another lady, known for her great smile, informs me that all her moist times are spent with her turtle.

Turtles, of course, are multi-use pets. That is to say, that if the creator, in his divine wisdom, decides to make your little soft-shelled friend's stay here very short, then turtle sop is still a very avante garde dish to be served in the best of circles.

Doggies pose more of a problem. However, I have it on good authority, that a small hole drilled in the back of the cranium, makes doggie's skull a lovely receptacle for a spray of dried flowers. If you are musically inclined, there is no end to the uses you'll find for puppy!

Rumour has it that Jackie Kosen is specializing in criminal animal law. Larosen, vet cum lawyer, tells me that not long ago a doggie could lose a paw for stealing a loaf of bread or a child's leg. Sheer outrage! But justice has intervened. Larosen is currently defending a large ape on a defamation of character charge. Seems someone insulted him in a quarter of Paris and he flew off the handle ...

Goldfish are not as boring as one would think ... Done lightly over a slow heat, in butter, they're rather nice. Write in for tips on how to fatten your goldfish on a macrobiotic diet! (from the "Eat Your Pet Cooking Guide").

JBA

FLASHBACK

25 YEARS



Terrace Bay — September 20, 1951:

Visitors of the week, renewing acquaintance with all those people they knew when they were in Terrace Bay a couple of years back are Ruth Bangarti, Kay McKean, Ina Parker and Jim Nicholson.